

Title: The King of Skye

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East of the moon and
west of the sun was a
place where a beautiful
Island rose from the sea.

The Isle of Skye. A
wonderful people inhabited
this paradise. Crowned
with lofty montains. There
were fields of ripe grain,
and other crops in
abundance. Forests of
many types of trees,
garlands of flowers
graced its hills. Clouds of
pastel hues floated over
a land lit by a warm
sun. There was a friendly
race on the Island. They
farmed and kept fat
cattle, goats and wooly
white sheep. Fish swam
around in abundance and
birds sang and flew thru
its trees. The mountain
provided an ore from
which an adamantine steel
was made for tools and
weapons. They even had a
small very well trained
army armed with these
unique swords and spears.
They were specially
blessed. There was a
ruling King and his
followers who directed his
people. He was called the
Fisher King. Not a harsh
ruler but a much loved
monarch. When his people
had a festival.. he was
there. When the ships
went out fishing the King
often joined them for he
loved to fish. His was a
long line that served and
protected the islanders.
His name was Fergus Mac
Fingal. A warrior and a

King any land would be proud of. With his son in law , Roland the true, who had married the Kings daughter they watched over the land.

Near the sea on a mountain was the kings castle. A dream in stone with elegant turrets and sturdy towers it graced the mountainside as if it had grown from the spot. There were trees and flowers everywhere, A path led from the Kings gate to a river where the King , and some of the local folk fished. As they sat by his favorite spot they would chat and hum tunes of old. Fergus, from his days as a young prince had been entrusted with protecting the Grail. It was the most valuable thing on the isle and some said brought them the blessings they enjoyed. It was housed in a beautiful chapel. Daily the King prayed here for it to all continue as it was.

At the foot of the mountain, was a large lovely manor house where dwelt the islands matriarch, Matilda. After her mother passed away she had become the matriarch and watched over all the simple folks needs. The manor was surrounded by great fields of gorgeous flowers of all types. Here with Matilda lived her daughter Melusine, and her husband Roland the true. They had a court of nobles who watched over the Kings road and all the approaches to Corbenie. Their Kings home. His people adored the monarch and trusted him absolutely.

On the Far end of the Isle was a twisted and gnarled stretch of dark woods and caves. An orc like twisted race had slowly grown in numbers never dreamed of by the others who lived on Skye's soil. These creatures had a wizened, twisted old shaman who was a mage. He saw the isle as all his and hated the happy folk at its other end. In his dank dark cave he plotted and planned to be rid of them all. Torgond was his name and his folk cringed at his voice. They started to make clubs and crooked swords and axes. many were poisoned and some had spells put upon them.

On a cool spring evening they were set upon the good folk of the island. whose cries for help were heard by the guards at the edge of the main village. Rapidly word was sent to the King, who armed himself and marshalled his forces. Like a river of steel they rushed to the scene of destruction the evil ones had started. Their ranks charged the twisted hoard before them. The King was wounded in his legs, and Roland rushed with his men to save him. Roland fell in the press but his men saved the King.

Enraged by the loss of these brave leaders as a wall of berserkers they charged the creatures snarling at them smashing into the foul ranks. Overwhelmed their foes broke ranks and started to run, but the kings men were upon them mercilessly

they slew them till none was left. Then carrying their lost comrades they marched slowly home. In his cave Torgond screamed and raved in anger but could do nothing. The locals and the healers helped the men, and a large group carried the wounded King and his knight to their homes. Tearfully Matilda and her daughter Melusine did as was appropriate for Roland. Burying him with honor. In the castle the healers tried to cure the king but only had some success. His legs were twisted with a curse from one of the creatures weapons. It was weeks before he could walk stumbling on a cane. He prayed in his chapel daily asking for help. One evening a voice in his head told him " a knight will come to heal you and your island. I have heard you." the King told his people and they were glad but wondered how long till aid came to them.

Torgond cursed in his cave and using an old spell called up a storm of epic proportions. It hammered the isle with wind and rain , there were fogs of strange colors making it impossible to see very far.

The Lady Melusine and her company took shelter in the nearest place to them. her ship. As the waves mounted up it tore the ship from its moorings and dragged it out to sea. after the storm, it never came back. Many watched for weeks, Matilda cried for her lost daughter and husband. A couple of dozen men and ladies

were on the ship and the knight her father had set to guard her.

When the storm had passed the villagers as all good people do, rebuild their homes and crofts.

Things returned to near normal, and they all waited for the promised helper to make it all right again. and they waited, and they waited. The king would hobble down the path to see his old friends and fish with them. They were a tough folk and knew that it would take time for the promised special knight to reach them . So they took the best of life they could make and raised their children. But now they hung their swords by their fireplaces and locked their doors at night. And they waited....